

THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
GIBRALTAR,  
A POEM.

---

"With bold erective crest!  
"A mighty EAGLE rear'd his swelling chest;  
"And dauntless overlook'd the crowded Bay—  
"The favor'd omen of the coming day."

---

By Capt. JOS. BUDWORTH,  
LATE LIBUTENANT IN THE 72D, OR ROYAL MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS IN  
THE BENGAL ARTILLERY, AND THE NORTH HANTS MILITIA.

AUTHOR OF  
*A FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE TO THE LAKES.*

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LONDON:  
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1795.

*Kensington*

*11630.e.21*

*he ever more more fine*

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GIBRALTAR

A POEM

"The British Museum"  
"A mighty power and swelling deep"  
"And dwellers over"  
"The British Museum"



By Capt. J. O. BUDWORTH

THIS ALLEGORY IS THE JUDGMENT OF ROYAL MANUFACTURE VOUCHERS IN  
THE BRITISH ARMY AND THE NORTH HANTS MILITIA.

Author of

A FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE TO THE LAKES

LONDON

PRINTED BY THE MUSEUM, AND CARRINGTON, BOND STREET.

1753



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TO  
HANS SLOANE, Esq.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR CHRIST-CHURCH, HAMPSHIRE,  
COLONEL OF THE NORTH-HANTS REGIMENT OF MILITIA.

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*Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

---

SIR,

WHEN men of considerable landed property quit domestic ease to bustle through the tented field ; such deserve well of their country ; at the same time they prove the good policy of being ready to protect the nation, and the great stake they have in it.

I have often followed you, when at the head of your family of FIVE HUNDRED, and have been highly gratified at the attention of the men, and the skill in manœuvring them.

That your regiment should be well-disciplined is not astonishing, when we have witnessed the activity of your *honest veteran*, who is constantly about them. A regiment of desperadoes may be forced into the nicest point of field propriety ; but the greatest pride of a national militia is, the enrolling hardy friends together, and bringing the leading character of the county along with them. Who, but a decent race of husbandmen, when a company had been violently cheated by a baker, and half the informing money offered to them, would have spontaneously said, "*We do not prosecute for money but for justice,*" and modestly declined the sum tendered by the Mayor of Rochester. I never saw one foldier in liquor during the four months I was encamped with them; and I do not remember one man being absent from a roll-call during that time. These facts speak too well to be commented upon, and convince us how much we may depend upon this, our *virtuous* national force.

When



When the Militia was called out, I followed our *mutual* friend, and had the luck to be in your regiment, and I esteem it a most fortunate event, as it has made me acquainted with some valuable officers; and I have had an opportunity of studying the native character of that most useful order of our fellow creatures, in the *Hampshire* HUSBANDMEN.

I only left you because the alarms that were afloat when you <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ embodied, had subsided; but, should invasion or necessity call forth the exertion of every Englishman, I am glad to have your promise that I shall be received as a volunteer. There is only one man that I should give the preference to, but who has retired from the army. When my native TOWN OF MANCHESTER nobly gave ONE THOUSAND MEN to Government, and even cloathed them until they arrived at *Gibraltar*; they were put under the command of Lieutenant Col. Gledstanes; a finer regiment of recruits had never been seen before; and, in a very short time, from the  
indefa-

indefatigable exertions of the Colonel, they were completely disciplined. He treated them with strictness without severity; humanity, without relaxing in duty; he so well won them, the remains (for they are sadly thinned) speak of him as their father. Charge me with partiality—but I never saw so *fine* a body of men, or more undaunted soldiers, than the Old Royal Manchester Volunteers; and it is not to be wondered at, when they had such distinguished regiments to imitate in the old corps of the garrison. I was the oldest man but one, in a company of one hundred strong, at twenty-one, and it is great credit to them, and satisfaction to their officers, to have seen them return to their Looms with as much industry, as they had shewn alertness against the common enemy of *Gibraltar*. You, Sir, may judge what that corps once was, by the appearance their countrymen made at Brighton encampment, where we had the pleasure of seeing the Lancashire and the Hampshire men good-humoured, and hand in hand together—in countenance



they resembled the younger brothers of the Lancashire Militia. My countrymen having for an adjutant an officer, who entered the army the same day I did, and whose conduct was conspicuous on every occasion;—and I know no one who is a greater honour to his native place than my friend:—this young man, when a STORE,\* in which an amazing quantity of flour was on fire from the enemy, though not on duty, collected the unemployed of the regiment, and, in the midst of the flames and fire, saved a great number of barrels; for which, the next morning, General Elliot thanked him, and gave him a handsome present to distribute amongst his men; and the garrison may be said to be obliged to this enterprising young officer for a supply of bread. Justice induces me to mention, what his modesty would never allow him to speak of.

\* Boyd's Store near the Moorish Castle.

I know it is right, both towards Colonel Gledstanes and yourself, to say, you have often in the field, and in your humane manners to the men, reminded me of him; and the only reason why I could give a preference, is a just one—Gratitude to the man who taught me to be a soldier; and, who, like yourself, always treated me as a friend.

In presenting to you this production of my Gibraltar idle hours, I have in recollection the friendship that subsisted between you and GENERAL ELLIOT,\* who, it is distressing to think, like the invincible MARLBOROUGH, was fallen almost to a state of fatuity before he died; and we have heard with disgust the malevolent charge him with being ostentatious, when, alas! he has only acted from a relaxed state of intellect.

\* A character, as written on the spot, will appear in the invaluable Gentleman's Magazine.



I cannot, good Sir, offer you the studied efforts of the closet—I am no scholar; but you have the unlaboured effusions of a mind that was in the midst of the scenes it attempts to describe; and, if it may tend to give an unadorned account of an event the world was *once* interested about, it will not concern me, if I should be said to fail in the poetry.

May dissensions in this most favoured country cease; may we lay our shoulders to the wheel, and not forget the *soil* we have to protect (with all its valuables) if rashness should *dare* to invade it:—and in due time may the errors complained of be wisely corrected, and “*God save the King,*” and happiness to the People.

I have the honour to subscribe myself with regard and esteem, Dear Sir,

Your faithful obedient humble Servant,

JOS. BUDWORTH.

*Sloane-street, Chelsea,*  
Nov. 17, 1794.

I cannot good but offer you the fullest extent of the  
detail and no detail; but you have the unimpaired  
force of a mind that was in the midst of the great  
tempt to disbelieve and to turn to give an unimpaired  
account of an event the world was ever interested about  
will not concern me, if I should be told to tell in the future.

May differences in this small favored country cease; may  
we lay our thoughts to the wheel and not forget the  
we have to protect (with all its values) its interests  
due to invade it;—and in due time may the others come  
planned of the whole connected, and God save the King,  
and happiness to the people.

I have the honor to subscribe myself with regard and

affection, Dear Sir,

Your faithful obedient humble servant,  
JOSEPH BUDWORTH.

2nd Street, Camden,  
New Jersey, 1794.



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## P R E F A C E.

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WALKING one morning with a gentleman, we met with another who had formerly been in the army, and who was a reputed *very* sensible man; their conversation turned upon a person highly celebrated for his poetical abilities, and after some significant laughs at the songster's expense; the once Colonel called up a look of profundity, and most solemnly declared—" *I am not surpris'd at any thing our friend says or does, he must be mad*—for he is a POET." After such a declaration from a man I had often heard of, and who has both a sufficiency of sense and of *riches* to be listened to with approbation, and, what is too often the case, to condemn with decision—is it not presuming for a minor poet to dare to avow himself a Volunteer? But since I do so, may not we venture to say, if the NINE were to offer their choicest powers to this man's head, it would be *strong* enough to keep them all out? Yes, thou man of Bathos! When I heard thee so sardonically abuse *thy friend*, whose productions the world approves; I mentally determined to recollect thee, when I again appeared before it, and to say, the *sneers* of sense shall not keep back the errors of fancy.

Many possessed of great learning are not always blest with genius to enliven it, and like the character above would destroy by *force*---those sportive flights they have neither imagination to reach, or to approve:---but the mind that rushes into variety is pleased to amuse---and even in failing goes quietly into oblivion.

Speaking of a character of which there are many in the world, naturally leads me to another set of men, who have no advantage of abilities to plead, but who have their *sneer* at your *Poets*, and at those who dash in conversation. *These trifles* are to be known by a certain working of the muscles, that require a laugh to be relieved, but they have just sense enough to know, that would be too pointed: while the very mode they take to hide their thoughts the more exposes them; but God help them, this is the only alteration which ever happens to their countenances; for when the face is left to itself, it naturally returns to its *mental vacancy*, and the mind to a *nothingness* of conversation it can only partake of.

But I am not writing an account of *men* and *manners*, it is a Preface to a *Siege*. I must therefore throw off the ill nature that is coming very fast, and return to a subject, always welcome to the mind.

Those



Those of my fellow soldiers with whom I had the honour to travel through the war, will have old scenes over again :—When we speak of the complaints of the Garrison they will be reminded of scourges, dreadful in appearances and often more destructive than the enemy. When—of the successful vessel surrounded by cruisers, we know she always owed her safety by resolutely hugging *Cabreta Point*. When---but as I know by myself, many would rather read the account of any transaction in prose than in verse---they must be referred to the Book.

I remember I had some thoughts of continuing it to the end of the *Siege*, as many interesting events happened consequent to the 14th of September ; but I found every thing after the *Grand Attack* only secondary---and although of material consequence in the \* History of the Siege, would sink in Poetry, and lessen the impression the Author would wish his Readers to conceive of the GREAT EVENT.

The original of the following Verses was destroyed with many others, when *Half-pay* founded its *knell* to the ambitious : and I really did not expect there had been *one* remembrance of them : but an inestimable Brother Officer told me a short time ago, he had preserved the copy I

\* Vide, my fellow soldier and friend, Capt. Drinkwater's faithful History.

gave to him, expressing a wish to see them ; I read them with that pleasure so natural, when we unexpectedly meet *an old Friend*, and particularly if it relates to an interesting period of life. I became warm as I went on. I was again besieged, I *found* my pen in my hand---I revised---corrected---added---and who could do otherwise, when I had to speak of great characters now no more---who had been the soul of the defence and the cause of the enemies failure. Vanity I trust, neither unbecoming or presumptuous whispers, though more than twelve most chequered years have rolled along since they were written---the subject, stale as it is, will always meet a hearty welcome from my countrymen.

If there is merit, it is due to that friend of the Author's, who had so much value for him or his verses, to say, he would never part with them: I may therefore be only said, to have *borrowed* my old thoughts, and transplanted them with some new ones : the soil that produced them is not altered, the same zeal always continues with those who love the profession, whether capable of the most laborious service, or from wounds or necessity obliged to quit it ; and the Old Soldier who has it not in his power to give assistance when his Country wants it---may certainly be allowed to---

" Shoulder his crutch---and show how fields were won."



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# T H E S I E G E.

WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1782.

---

WHEN fam'd Iberia, with exulting sway  
Rul'd undisturb'd:—The heroes of the Bay!  
Their royal standards (emblems of their pride)  
Wave to the wind—above the varied \* tide;  
To that bold Cape—where *Neptune's* fav'rite † son  
From the scar'd *Gaul*—th' important battle won:  
Far to the East, where ‡ *Walton's* deathless fame  
Gain'd "*as per margin*"—an immortal name.  
And where GIBRALTAR tow'ring, stands alone  
To dim the lustre of the Spanish throne:

\* There is always an inner and an outer tide in the Gut of Gibraltar:

† Admiral Boscawen.

‡ Vide his laconic letters; "I have sunk, taken, and destroyed, as per margin."

B

That

That pillar firm, of Herculean story,  
 Of Mauritania's feats—of British glory;  
 Where oft the din of war has clash'd around,  
 Ere the Monk's *art* the dire combustion found.  
 When Moor and Spaniard with invet'rate strife  
 Fought for the noblest gifts—conquest and life;  
 Until proud *Spain* expell'd the tawny host,  
 To the rude confines of their barb'rous coast;  
 Forc'd them from homes, where arts enlight'ned reign'd,  
 To be—by stupor, and by tyrants chain'd;  
 And gave the Nations such apparent hate,  
 That seem'd to fix it in the Book of Fate.  
 But, now allured by the \* bribe of gold  
 The faithless *Moor*, his nat'ral † *hatred* fold:

\* The Emperor of Morocco not only refused to supply the garrison with any more cattle, but he permitted the Spaniards to take some merchantmen, when at anchor in Tangier Bay; and Consul *Logie*, whose indefatigable attention, to supply provisions, every one in Gibraltar acknowledges, was not only forced to quit Barbary; but the Moors spit upon him and treated him with every possible ignominy, though these poor wretches at the same time had the greatest regard for him; but it was by order of the *Emperor*.

† The Kings of Spain and the Emperor of Morocco in their coronation oaths, swear perpetual war against each other.



With Spain agrees, that ne'er agreed before,  
 And sends her herds, to Calpe's sons ;——no more  
 The perjur'd *Monarchs* no compunction feel,  
 And for a distant hope—the conscience fell :  
*Calpe's* staunch sons—tho' hopeless of supplies,  
 The gilded treaty cordially despise :  
 The little pittance—unrepining bear,  
 And with a soldier's frankness—"Share and share."

Now to my theme, and in due order plac'd,  
 Things will occur, which cannot be defac'd ;  
 And what my busy fancy fails t' explain,  
 The faithful margin shall in prose contain.

The steady Spaniards with providing care,  
 Firm in resolve, as stubborn in the war ;  
 By various ways endeavour to regain  
 What once the gem, but now the dread of Spain.

Whilst

Whilst the old Rock of his own soldiers proud,  
Triumphant rears above the neighb'ring crowd.

By \* blockade first ;—a starving bloodless way,  
When † *Rodney's lee-shore* vict'ry clear'd the Bay.

Splendid as harmless—picturesque as bright,  
The flaming ‡ fire-ships, form'd a costly fight  
Cloath'd, in the solemn awfulness of Night.

Whilst modest HARVEY of undaunted mind,  
Tow'd their hot prows and left them to the wind ;

\* Commenced June 21, 1779.

† Admiral Rodney beat Langara, and relieved the garrison, Jan. 25, 1780.

‡ June 7, 1780. At half past one in the evening the enemy sent nine fire-ships which did no destruction, owing to the vigilance of Capt. John Harvey of the Panther—they were all of them in full blaze almost in an instant ; one of them driving towards the Panther, the sailors held by the boat hooks, and though some of them were much scorched, they towed it between the buoy and the ship, whence it drifted into the Mediterranean ; those which came on shore were called " God sends," wood for cooking then sold at five shillings and three pence a cwt. according to the course of Exchange. It is in gratitude to his services, I have to add, he was the Captain Harvey of the Brunswick, who fell in Lord Howe's glorious victory in June, 1794.

Or



Or some more lucky reach'd our rock-bound strand,  
 And left the welcome on th' indented sand:  
 The gaudy pageants our dull kitchens stor'd,  
 And cook'd the *little plenty*—for the board.

Again \* th' attempt, a British fleet appears,  
 And to blockade—a hopeless prospect wears.  
 Then from the lines their thund'ring efforts play,  
 While Spain's † Gazette portended victory:  
 Big with destruction (which was never done)  
 It told the world, "The Mountain was half won."  
 Whilst from his front the harmless balls rebound,  
 The caverns answ'ring with indignant sound.

Sometimes, when sleep his balmy influence spread,  
 And threw his "*cloak*" o'er many a weary head;

\* They again attempted to blockade; Admiral Darby relieved us April 12, 1781, on which day, on the second man of war dropping anchor at ten in the morning, they opened their batteries upon us.

† The Spanish Gazettes were continually saying, "The Mountain is half won."

Whilst the alert, to nightly duty true,  
 Guard 'gainst surprise—and 'gainst desertion too :  
 The prowling \* gun-boats waken ev'ry eye,  
 And to the camp, the teasing bullets fly.  
 Th' indignant Britons scorn such paltry war ;  
 Talk of revenge—and hope the time—not far ;  
 Then to their posts with should' red firelocks go,  
 And 'midst their comrades soon forget the foe.  
 But when they hear of some poor woman slain,  
 The blood of anger boils in ev'ry vein ;  
 One mother flying from these vile alarms,  
 Had her lost infant, torn from her fond arms :  
 Too young to fear—it flew to endless rest ;  
 But oh !—the anguish of the parent's breast.  
 Such were the deeds, the gun-boats had to boast,  
 Those who most know them, must detest them most ;

\* Their gun and mortar-boats did no material mischief to the garrison, as avowed by their Gazette; but as they fired indiscriminately at the camp, the hospital, and into Jew Town, which was the retreat of the inhabitants, some men, women, and children were killed and wounded.



But the "great mischief," which they say was done,  
 'Tis like their pompous words, for there was NONE;  
 Why—why of such, the virgin paper stain—  
 Too hateful to disgrace—a Briton's pen.

Next was the time superior of the kind,  
 Which mark'd the Gen'ral—and the active mind:  
 When well-tim'd knowledge, pointed out the way,  
 While British soldiers eager to obey—  
 Destroy'd their outer-works—and then retir'd;  
 Fear'd by that foe—by whom they were admir'd.  
 The gallant \* Ross—led on the fearless band,  
 And mercy shone—conspicuous in command.

The gentlest manners to the hero join'd,  
 The polish'd scholar learnedly combin'd;

In

\* November 27, 1781. The sortie under the command of Brigadier General Ross went out at three o'clock, and effectually did its duty: the author's Muse presented him with a long poem the morning after this attack; this subject gave Mr.

In courage vig'rous—in experience—old,  
 Amidst the foremost—boldest of the bold.  
 For such good \* Hugo's venerable breast  
 That ev'ry virtue seem'd a native guest.  
 Ye Rock-known vet'rans, who delight to tell  
 Whate'er we lov'd—or truly honour'd well;  
 Let grateful mem'ry his past worth proclaim,  
 And consecrate in tears—your tributes to his name.

And you, my brother soldiers—ever dear  
 Who breathe upon—this wonder-working sphere;  
 My mem'ry shall in retrospect display  
 How *busily* we passed—the *idle* day.  
 Ah! but the numbers—now alas!—no more,  
 Fall'n by disease, on pestilential shore;

Mr. Trumbull, an American artist, an opportunity of displaying the chastest skill as a painter; and from his being formerly on active service, he has expressed much military propriety in the action.—Mr. Sharp the engraver is to produce a print from it, and which the subscribers have been expecting.

\* Colonel Hugo, of Field Marshal Hardenberg's regiment, gave up the command of his regiment, to have the honour, as he said, "to lead on the *Hanoverian grenadiers*," and he was the first man out of the garrison on the attack.

Or



Or on lost Belgia's plains—or Indian coast,  
 In bloom of life, by the infanguin'd host;  
 It naught avails—peace to the martial grave,  
 The honour'd Mausoleum—of the brave.

The many groupes of officers and men  
 Told their old stories o'er and o'er again;  
 " Of wounded soldiers—of their worth—or not,  
 " (If they were kill'd their failings were forgot)  
 " How some the tyrant grim—had made his own,  
 " That bore the pangs of death without a groan.  
 " How the \* scorbutic, with corroding pain,  
 " Long'd for reviving juice—but long'd in vain ;"

\* The scurvy and the dysentery carried off many soldiers, and if the men of war's boats had not luckily taken a vessel laden with lemons, during the blockade, which was becalmed behind the Rock, we might have been in as terrible a situation as the Centurion was in, during her voyage round the world. The scurvy, at that period, was raging most destructively, and the fruit of this vessel was the means of cleansing the constitution so successfully, that this scourge was never so severe afterwards, though it always cut a figure on the sick list. Sucking the juice, and rubbing the wounds with the inside skin, was the grand restorative, and gave many brave fellows to life and their duty, who otherwise must have sunk beneath disease.

In frightful shapes the black'ned poison spread ;  
 And on the springs of life destructive fed ;  
 Whilst the lax flux unmann'd the boldest thought,  
 And with more rapid strides the victim caught.  
 One sorrow more in Northern climates—new,  
 That much compassion for the suff'ers drew ;  
 Scarce had bright Sol his stated journey done,  
 Ere the dim \* eye—its visual course had run ;  
 And even fire with the full force of light ;  
 Darken'd as Chaos, could not cheer—their night.  
 But when the morn unfolds the mystic chain,  
 The orbits are restor'd to life again ;

\* When this complaint made its appearance, the first of the afflicted were supposed to be *Malingarers*, and many mounted guard, though as blind as beetles, lest they should be suspected to be so. On the night the fire-ships came, one man of the company I was in, cried most bitterly that he could not find his things ; and I knew the night before he had been on duty. The eye had no particular appearance ; but when they were called by name, it seemed vacantly to turn towards the person that spoke. This singular malady must be owing to poor food, as it sometimes happens to the natives of India, who live on rice only ; and at this time rice was amongst the best nourishments the garrison had, but it was in such small quantity, it could not alone affect the sight ; so that we will venture to add to the cause, the dry stock-fish, and the stinking sapless meat.

From



From sapless food—these direful scourges come,  
And fill the sick'ned mind—with longing thoughts of home.

Then of the war, and with the theme inspir'd,  
“ What work was finish'd—or what work was fir'd ;  
“ To what new point the varied fire direct,  
“ And what the bounding howitzers effect :  
“ The wicked \* shell that with precision flew,  
“ The Recochèt to different objects true ;  
“ The pond'rous Thirteens—storming to the sky—  
“ All—'midst the roaring shot—promiscuous fly.

“ Then if their last-form'd batteries were such,  
“ As to annoy the Southern quarter much,  
“ Or if with vigour ply'd—the red-hot ball  
“ These strong epaulments would not flaming fall.”

\* Small shells fired from the guns, principally to burst over the working parties.

OLD ENGLAND too—would be a darling theme,  
 “ Her favor’d soil—her laws—her envied fame :  
 “ Her fleets triumphant!—riding o’er the main,  
 “ Hated by *France*—and late the scourge of *Spain*.  
 “ A signal for a ship—all eyes one way—  
 “ To see her round Cabreta—for the Bay ;  
 “ A broad-side fir’d—see how she closely veers,  
 “ And in the wind, the skilful pilot steers.  
 “ Another giv’n—the pilot changes tack,  
 “ And throws the less-skill’d enemy a-back.  
 “ Cabreta fires—she hugs the hostile shore,  
 “ Nor heeds the shot that unremitting pour ;  
 “ True to the helm, she feels the side-full sail,  
 “ And flies befriended by the fresh’ning gale ;  
 “ About she goes—when right before the wind  
 “ She makes the Rock—and leaves her foes behind.  
 “ But when a luckless vessel falls a prey,  
 “ We d—n her—and are sulky all the day.”



The next great act by red-hot vengeance tried,  
 When Mahon's six-gun battery was destroy'd :  
 In fifty-six—*Minorca* rear'd his fame ;  
 And *Ferdinand*—immortaliz'd his \* name.

A signal out—a Royal † Fleet appears,  
 And through the Bay in stately motion steers.

The

\* Sept. 8, 1782.—This is the first time red-hot shot was fired from the garrison ; it was at the particular request of General Boyd, and under his direction ; but it is to be understood, it was always the intention of the Governor to fire red-hot balls upon the floating batteries : the General kept up a most tremendous fire, and totally destroyed Mahon battery, besides other damage. Prince Ferdinand recommended General Boyd so strongly to his Majesty for his conduct at the battle of Minden, he immediately received his *first* commission—a Lieutenant Colonel in the Guards ; and he has done the highest honour to the recommendation. The veteran is interred in a vault purposely made for him in the King's Bastion—a battery he had the honour of building, and which had often witnessed his contempt of every danger.

† Sept. 12, 1782. The combined fleets of France and Spain. I here take an opportunity of mentioning, at the time the ships were sweeping majestically round, different flights of eagles hovered an amazing height above the summit of the Rock. At certain seasons this is not uncommon, but they made their *first* appearance this year at the very hour the fleet came in. We had been given to understand that Lord Howe's fleet was expected to relieve the garrison ; and, upon the cry of " another fleet," we turned to the signal house, and what we at first took for the signal, proved an amazing large eagle, probably tired by his

E

flight

'The crescent form'd, the diff'rent colours fly,  
 Which threat'ning Spain beheld with anxious joy ;  
 Anxious and pleas'd—for Spain ne'er saw before,  
 The force of *Bourbon* pass Cabreta's shore,  
 Whilst their old foes—the God of Battle's care)  
 Dreadless expect—and for th' attack prepare—  
 At anchor brought, the *junk-ships*, by their side  
 In uncouth shape—and formidable pride—  
 Seemingly big with every wish of Spain,  
 The firmest hope in mankind would explain.

*D'Arcon* 'twas thine, whose penetrative mind  
 First form'd the whole, and then the substance join'd ;  
 On such a plan as man had never thought,  
 Th' idea built—and then pursued the plot.  
 Such pond'rous efforts in the works conspire,  
 Altho' they fail'd, thy genius we admire:

flight from a distant part of Barbary. It remained some time, and I remember  
 it was said, " Why should not the *Britons* think it an omen of victory, as the  
 "*Romans* would have done?" and we gaily agreed to think it so.

And



And as the whole we trace—the end pursue,  
*D'Arcon* \* has fail'd—but credit is his due.

Thus, on the twelfth, the busy batt'ring foe,  
 Seem'd quite prepar'd to strike the threat'ned blow :  
 Boats without number, row about the Bay,  
 With foldiers full, and some with awnings gay ;  
 A conscious hope appears in all they do,  
 And ostentation gilds the *sanction'd* † show ;  
 Such as the world hath heard—but now, 'tis o'er,  
 And ostentation can avail—no more.  
 No more the junk-ships will return salute,  
 For they are vanish'd—and *Iberia*—mute.

Where

\* *Monf. D'Arcon*, a Frenchman, formed the idea, and the ships were built under his immediate direction.

† After the battering ships had moved to the Orange Grove to take in their ammunition, they were constantly decorating them, and firing salutes ; and it would be impossible to describe *their grand gala day, the pageantic 12th of September*.—On shore there were various processions, civil, military, and ecclesiastic ; blessings and pardons were as common as words. The priests not only blessed those who were going to fight, but promised them pardon for every thing they had done amiss, if they were killed : and I understand, amongst *their blessings*,  
 mercy

Where is the crowd, \* in countless numbers rear'd,  
 On the high hills :—that all alive appear'd ;  
 The forty-thousand, with ambition fir'd ?  
 Slunk to their cells—*the mighty all*—retir'd ;  
 Scarce a lone foldier—does the plains afford ;  
 And Ruffet to the mountains is restor'd.

Come, sportive Muse, be more than usual kind,  
 And regulate the fullness of the mind ;  
 For thou wast wont—when I was yet—a boy,  
 To warm my bosom with poetic joy ;

mercy to the Heretics was not included ; but a kind of side blow given to the minds of the superstitious, in case they were victorious, which would have made the blood of all the Heretics in the garrison of no more value, than that of one of the King of Spain's pointers. If I may judge from the conversation I had with one of the Walloon guards immediately upon his landing, I can believe all this.

\* The number of spectators was beyond calculation ; the many hills were like moving forests, during the day ; and, as they knew not the calamity which had already taken root, I do not believe there could be more cheerful beings under heaven. On the following morning hardly a person could be seen : " The barren wilderness had ceased to smile ;" they retired to their disappointments ; and, as a Spaniard of distinction afterwards said to General Elliot ; " We were neither company for ourselves, or for each other."



To make me write, what some few would approve,  
 Of youthful battles—and *perhaps*—of love.  
 But now, I've known the *many* charms of both,  
 Do not resign me to—enervate sloth;  
 Let me pursue, with thy assisting hand,  
 I am a soldier, Muse—thou shalt command.

Whilst the grand Fleets, in crescent order move,  
 Unnumber'd birds, in circling pastime rove;  
 In diff'rent flocks, on aerial pinions glide,  
 And draw attention from the hostile side:  
 ONE BIRD of HEAV'N!—The Monarch of the whole  
 Descends:—and perch'd upon the signal pole;  
 'Twas thought a signal for a British fleet;  
 And loudest joy burst forth in *home-felt* greet:  
 But nearer seen—with bold erective crest,  
 A mighty *Eagle* rear'd his swelling chest;  
 And dauntless overlook'd the *crowded* Bay,  
 The favor'd omen of the coming day.

But to pursue—the \* thirteenth in the morn,  
 'The batt'ries heave—flags the gay scenes adorn;  
 By seven o'clock—the *ten* were under sail,  
 And steer before a fresh'ned Western gale.  
 Bold in advance—and bravely they draw near,  
 By ten the anchors dropp'd—their broad-sides bear:  
 But ere they fir'd—our cannonade began,  
 And ev'ry foldier was—an active man:  
 Hot from the tubes, the vengeful balls depart,  
 Stick in their beams—and rankle—to the heart;

\* SEPTEMBER 13th, 1782. The ten floating batteries had springs upon their cables by 10 o'clock; in about half an hour one of them had two of her masts shot away, and the fire poured in from the land batteries and the junk ships was tremendous: our 13-inch and 10-inch shells rebounded from their tops, without having made any apparent impression. The conduct of the Royal Artillery was on this, as it is upon all occasions, beyond praise; and, notwithstanding the rapidity, and their incessant firing of red-hot balls, not one accident happened during the attack, though they were running about with them in all directions. Not only the artillery, but that part of the troops quartered at the King's Bastion, and the picquet guard, were as busy as bees in supplying ammunition, &c. and those quartered at the Southward lent every assistance; even some of the sick stole from the hospital, and particularly a corporal who had been recently trepanned—and these zealous soldiers were found in the thickest of the fire, and with reluctance returned to the hospital.



While the great shell rebounds from their strong fides,  
 And in the troubled sea—the globe divides.  
 So serv'd the guns—so quick the Artill'rists ply,  
 It seem'd not man's—but Heav'n's artillery.  
 Fierce as when jealous Satan did rebel,  
 When the Arch-angels poison'd—compeers fell.  
 The *foe* prepar'd—the fire with heat returns,  
 While ev'ry breast with native ardour burns.

The *high-soul'd* \* *Chief*, erect—in danger seen,  
 And who in danger always is serene :

Darts

\* General Elliot remained upon the King's Bastion the greatest part of the day, against which three of the battering ships directed their force; this ill-judged bravery of theirs was certainly taking the bull by the horns: the governor sent for his dinner and eat it on the ramparts. As he is gone to the final "boutne," we may now say what he never wished to be known in his life-time. I remember, when an officer of merit wished to sell out to pay his debts, that he has advanced the money, saying, "the service shall never lose a good officer for an hundred pounds." I have heard of his giving a handsome new-year's gift to an old Quarter Master, who had a large family, after having reprimanded him a few days before in his unfortunate manner; and I know he has said, that he never felt anger for an instant after he had spoke *in his way*, (which we all know was disagreeable enough); but, when any one deserved a reprimand which

Darts round the whole with comprehensive eye,  
 Whilst through the works his pointed orders fly.  
 Sound as the Rock, th' undaunted leader's mind,  
 Yet softly textur'd—as the most refin'd,  
 Though boist'rous words (too often) *shade* the hour,  
 None but the great defaulter feels his power.  
 The sick—the vet'ran—and the pris'ner knows,  
 The silent spring—whence his rich bounty flows.

One fatal shot (the saddest in the day)  
 Tore from my \* friend—the vital spark away.

On

which he did not wish to bring to extremity, he said nothing, but then only felt recollected displeasure.

I have heard of his having purchased promotion unknown to officers, and afterwards told them to "repay him when they were general officers." And what officer and soldier did he ever hurt, who did not deserve it? And has he not with success applied to his Majesty for defaulters under sentence of Court Martials? These are circumstances which must hide his disagreeable defects; and we may say,

"He had no faults, *for he is dead.*"

\* Capt. Reeves of the Artillery was mortally wounded at four in the afternoon, by a random shot from a long ranger, after having been extremely active in supplying the different batteries with ammunition. This misfortune was, if possible, heightened from his bustling in the midst of danger all the day, and he



On the same day immortal *Wolf* was slain,  
 He shar'd the laurels of th' embattl'd plain ;  
 And on that day—the soldier first drew breath,  
 That painful sent him to an honor'd death.  
 Mournful next eve—we follow the sad bier,  
 And take a last ADIEU, with many a tear :  
 More silent grief was never known to flow,  
 Than at this *banquet* of—afflictive woe.

When fable Night had clos'd the eye of Day,  
 Our thund'ring friends with deadly vengeance play ;  
 Serv'd from the tubes with unabating fire ;  
 While their once boasted ardour—seem'd t' expire.

he was then gone to give directions at a point where shot seldom reached. He was born on the 13th of Sept. served under Wolf at Quebec on the 13th of Sept. and a straggling shot took him off on the 13th of Sept. His long services, and his particular ones on that day, were the occasion of a pension being settled upon his daughter. He was adjutant ; and the distress of the soldiers that carried him to his grave, and the officers that attended, was the best proof of what kind of man he was.

So Nature \* fags—by weariness half-worn,  
 Yet, for a while a glimmer may return ;  
 Till weariness and night o'erpow'r the soul,  
 And all the active faculties controul.  
 Such were our thoughts :—but ever certain fate,  
 Whose influence strong—all mortals must await ;  
 Long ere this time—by *living* shot decreed,  
 That these proud batt'ries never should succeed ;  
 From their torn ports a smothering fire is seen,  
 And a thick smoke that issues from within—  
 The dreadful end of *Bourbon's* hopes proclaim ;  
 In well-earn'd laurels to *Britannia's* fame.

Health to the naval † Chief—to whom we owe,  
 The final grandeur of this fatal blow ;

In

\* We misconceived the reason of this relaxation, which was owing to the hot balls rankling in many places, and they were trying to find out the concealed fires.

† Capt. Curtis went out with his gun-boats early in the morning. When the first floating battery blew up, his cockswain was killed in his barge, and three sailors



In whom true courage, and good conduct join,  
 In whom Humanity did nobly shine.  
 Who gain'd the admiration of his friends,  
 And Bourbon's self—the gen'rous act commends ;  
 For while the batt'ries burnt with scorching power,  
 Amidst the fury of the dang'rous hour,  
 Careless of life—and all alive—to save  
 The victim'd Spaniards from th' impending grave,  
 And yet, how painful to the human mind,  
 What must remain a stigma—on mankind ;  
 What!—No—not all the sophistry of Spain,  
 Can *word* away—the ignominious stain.

sailors wounded, besides one of his gun-boats sunk ; after this, in the midst of two other explosions, he continued to assist the wretched sufferers, and saved near 400 prisoners, some of whom had been much wounded in the engagement. Count D'Artois, on his going with a flag of truce to the Spanish camp, complimented him in the name of the French nation for his humanity, which he said, " I was an eye witness of, and anxious for your safety."

It is with concern I feel myself obliged to mention a circumstance which is but too true, though we will hope it was more from ignorance than design ; some of their guns from the lines fired upon the boats while saving their countrymen : the author has some reason to speak with severity—he was at the Ragged Staff during the landing of the prisoners, where a valuable Serjeant of the 72d Regiment had his right arm taken off by one of those ungrateful shots.

But what—the haughty Spaniard will not do ;  
 Witness, ye base—your murders at Peru ;  
 No wonder then—as the good naval Chief  
 Did almost more, than man—to yield relief ;  
 Her very sons—should fire upon the crew :  
 Deny it, Spain?—She cannot—'tis too true.

But who could paint the grandeur of the scene ?  
 (Words would fall short, but from a MILTON's pen.)  
 When wish'd Aurora op'd th' auspicious dawn,  
 And shewed to *Calpe's* sons the happy morn ;  
 When the explosions rent the trembling air,  
 And columns high in majesty appear.  
 When million dangers overspread the sea,  
 Each British heart, brave *Curtis*, felt for thee,  
 Thou native son of fair Humanity.  
 But, as that day can never be express'd,  
 “ *Silence*—expressive silence”—paints the best :



To " Silence," then—which cheers the busy thought,  
As Reason dictates, and as Nature taught,  
The rest is left—Come gen'rous " Silence" then,  
And think the Glorious Action o'er again.

F I N I S.

To "Silence," then—which cheers the busy thought,  
As Reason digests, and as Nature laughs,  
The rest is left—Come glorious "Silence," then,  
And think the Glorious Age over again.

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F I N I S